You'll Know

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by sourweather

Summary

There's an old Southern Wives' Tale that Will heard growing up: The most accurate pregnancy test in the world is an Alpha

Notes

idk I love clingy han SO much <3

There's an old wives' tale that an Alpha is the most accurate pregnancy test in the world. That no one knows sooner when their Omega is with child, not even the Omega themself. The shift in pheromones is so subtle that the detection of it is subconscious, but an Alpha will know within days of conception, sometimes even hours.

Every wrinkled woman along the Mississippi, the ones that insisted Will call them 'Oma' and placed fresh cookies into his tiny palms, swore by this idea. 'When you have an Alpha of your own, Willy,' one back in Louisiana would say, voice wavering on the sweet summer wind. 'They'll know you better than you do. My Alpha used to start fussing over me, doting on me all day long even when I told him I felt fine. The next day, I'd be sicker than a dog. He smelled it before I even started coughing. They *know.*'

And Will had screwed up his sunburned little face and shook out his unruly curls and said 'That's made up, Oma.'

'It's not! You'll see. One day you'll have an Alpha, and when he offers you food before your belly gets a chance to growl, you remember what I told you.'

Well, Will told Oma, along with anyone else who would listen, that he didn't *want* an Alpha, that he wanted to stay unmated forever, and they all told him he'd change his mind about that, too.

He still writes it off as Southern superstition, thirty years later. Yes, Hannibal is well-attuned to Will's needs, but that's because he's *Hannibal*, not because he's Will's Alpha.

Until today.

Will stretches, letting out a low, happy noise as he wakes. Hannibal is holding him closer than usual, smothering him like a Kudzu Vine. Will smiles sleepily, and reaches out to silence their alarm.

"Han," he mumbles, though he knows Hannibal is awake. "Han, baby, we need to get up."

Hannibal curls his arms tighter around Will's body, nuzzling his neck insistently. "Let me hold you for a moment longer, darling."

Will laughs, rolls his eyes, but can't bring himself to say no. They lie together for a handful of silent minutes, Hannibal seemingly wanting to bathe Will in his scent.

Eventually, Will knows that he has to break the bliss of the morning. He squirms a little in Hannibal's hold, trying to shake him off.

"Come on," he says softly. "I need to get ready for work. We both do."

Hannibal huffs, nearly petulant. Will grins at first, but his amusement lessens when he realizes that Hannibal isn't loosening his grip.

"No. Stay."

Will frowns to himself. Hannibal is licking Will's Mating Mark again, nuzzling his jaw.

"I can't just stay home, Hannibal. My students have an exam on Friday."

Hannibal just grunts.

"And *you* have patients to worry about. Ones that expect you to be accountable."

"No," he says again, nipping at Will's nape. "Tell them you can't come in, have someone cover for you. My patients will survive."

Okay, he's *definitely* joking right now. This isn't like Hannibal at all.

Will laughs, taking one of Hannibal's wrists and prying it off of his stomach. "You'll just have to spoil me when I get home," he jokes, moving to stand.

The next moment everything goes sideways. He's face-down in their bed, Hannibal covering his body with his own. There are fangs at his neck, not sinking in but holding Will firmly in place with his jaw. Hannibal is growling. Low. A warning. 'Don't move.'

Will gasps, his body going boneless on instinct in response to his Alpha's call for submission. His mind reels. Why is Hannibal acting like this? Why is he so insistent that Will stay put? He's acting like he does when Will is in Heat, but his Heat only just ended a few—

Oh.

"Hannibal..."

The Alpha is once again licking his Mating Mark, hands skirting up and down his body like he can't bear the thought of any scent other than his own living on Will's skin. Possessive. Claiming.

Paternal.

"Do you... do you know why you're acting like this?" He asks, and Hannibal whines low.

"No," he admits, slowly crawling off of Will's body. Will rolls with deliberate steadiness, trying to show his Alpha that he isn't trying to leave again. "I can't explain it, I feel... the idea of you leaving my sight is maddening, love. Stay."

Will smiles. Immediately, he feels tears rising to his eyes. Oma was right. At least, he hopes she was. That this isn't just some odd fluke of Post-Heat delirium. He kisses Hannibal's face, takes his hands in his own.

"I think... I think we should go lie down in the nest," Will says, heart suddenly racing.

It's obvious that Hannibal likes that idea, being surrounded by their combined scents and holding Will close late into the day. "Yes. Yes, that sounds—"

Hannibal blinks. He seems to catch up with Will slowly, then all at once. He looks at Will with wide eyes, his hand immediately shooting out to touch Will's stomach.

"Will."

"It's probably too early to tell," he hedges quickly, but the hand he wraps around Hannibal's wrist is holding him there, not pushing away. "I don't want to get your hopes up."

It's too late for that, though. Will can see it in his Alpha's eyes. He's already picturing Will, heavy with his child and smelling of fatherhood. He takes Will in his arms, peppering his face with kisses as he moves the pair to the nest.

"Darling, you're radiant," he insists between kisses. "You smell divine, like nothing I've ever encountered."

Will chuckles. Yes. Far too late for rationality.

Hannibal sets him in the center of their nest with reverence, immediately lowering himself to press soft kisses to Will's stomach. He scents the area with low, satisfied rumbles, and Will is helpless to do much more than fondly pet Hannibal's hair and purr in reply.

"What would you like for breakfast?" Hannibal asks. His eagerness to provide for Will is as adorable as it is encouraging. If Will really is pregnant, then his pup won't ever go hungry. They won't ever want for anything, not if Hannibal has his say so. Will grins. Christ, that kid is going to be spoiled rotten.

"I'll make you anything you'd like," Hannibal insists, kissing Will's stomach again. "Pancakes with bacon? We haven't any blueberries, but I could make a quick trip to the store, if you'd prefer."

Will guides him upwards by his jaw, kissing him lovingly when he's within reach. "Relax," he whispers against Hannibal's lips. "You don't need to prove anything to me, I know you're going to do just fine."

Hannibal smiles, wide and sharp and beautiful. "I want to pamper you, beloved. It pleases me, to know that you're cared for."

He sighs in faux indulgence, kissing Hannibal once more before falling back against the soft nest. His hand moves instinctively over his own stomach. "Pancakes, then. With bacon. No blueberries needed."

Hannibal nods, the grin never leaving his face as he moves for the door.

"And call Jack for me?" Will calls after him. "Tell him I'm not coming in today. I know you won't take no for an answer, and I don't feel like arguing with him."

Hannibal stands in the doorway for just a moment, watching as Will covers himself with a plush grey blanket and makes himself comfortable. He's hoping to doze a while longer until breakfast is ready. Once he's settled, his palm returns to his stomach in a gesture that is already becoming natural.

"Anything for you, darling."

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